

Hunted

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Summary: Hiccup finds himself hunted. To avoid certain death he's going to have to escape the wrath of... his girlfriend? Can Hiccup convince Astrid not to kill him? Rated T for a bit of innuendo. Probably doesn't need to be.

Hunted

****Vondrakenhof here.**** This is a new fandom for me as I only got into How to Train Your Dragon a couple of weeks ago. I was doing something about Vikings which made me want to watch the movie again for the first time since it came out. Awesome movie! Watched it quite a few times and I don't usually do that. So I came to FF to read some good stories. And then this popped into my head. So read, enjoy and tell me what you think!

Oh and if anyone wants to know, I'm not abandoning any of my other works. I'm just having a bit of trouble with them right now.

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><p>The Isle of Berk was beautiful that night. Raven's Point was lit up by the full moons light, painting the land and the trees silver. It was picturesque, like from a fairy tale where nothing bad would happen to anyone. All this was lost on one Hiccup Horrendous Haddock III as he flew over the forest on his Night Fury.<p>

Hiccup pressed himself down onto Toothless's back, trying to cut down on wind resistance and eke out even the tiniest bit more speed. Part of him, the negative part, the part that berated him for doing stupid and crazy things, told him it was hopeless: like Skadi herself, his pursuer would never stop until she caught him.

A loud screech from behind caused him to jump in the saddle, the boy's heart beating like a Gronckle's wings. Though Toothless was the fastest thing in the skies Hiccup knew his friend didn't have the

endurance of their pursuers mount. If he kept flying straight they would be caught when they finally landed to rest. That would mean certain doom. They had break away from the huntress' sight.

Leaning hard to the left Hiccup adjusted the pedal with his prosthetic foot. The tail fin controlled by the pedal collapsed on itself and the dragon fell into a steep dive. They fell hard and fast, the wind tearing tears from the boy's eyes, the Night Fury gritting its teeth against the pull. At last Hiccup shifted his foot. The tailfin flared just as the pair were drawing level with the trees and Toothless darted beneath the canopy. Mighty oaks and tall ash trees flitted past. Several times the dragon rolled to avoid crashing into pines and willows. Finally they came to a clearing, where Hiccup encouraged his friend to land.

"Okay bud," he breathed, not daring to raise his voice. "I think we lost her."

Gods, how had he gotten into this mess?

* * *

><p>Hiccup had been sitting with Fishlegs in the Great Hall eating the fresh venison that was being served that evening. Hunting season had started and though the point was to store enough food for the winter at least one fresh kill was roasted on the fire each night. Washing the meat down with a swig of ale Hiccup was about to mention his theory on inter-breed dynamics among the dragons when Snotlout and Tuffnut sat across from them.<p>

Hiccup grimaced. Though the pair were nicer to him than they had been in the past he could only handle them in small doses. And he could smell the sickly sweet scent coming from their mugs. They'd somehow manage to steal some mead.

"Hey guys," said Fishlegs, greeting them politely. The two grumbled in return before tearing into their meals like the ravenous Vikings they were. Tuff let out a loud belch as the two finished.

"Ah that's better," said Snotlout, before he turned to his cousin. Hiccup didn't like the look he wore. It wasn't quite the same as the one Snot used to have on his face as he pushed the smaller boy into the mud but it was still unsettling. "Hiccup, something's been bothering me."

Hiccup leaned forward to show he was listening.

"How in all of Midgard did you manage to bag Astrid?"

"What?" blurted Hiccup, utterly shocked at this question.

"I mean, I know you're a hero now and everything," Snotlout continued, "but you're still a toothpick. How in Thor's name did you pull that Valkyrie?"

"Snot," said Hiccup tentatively, "Y-you make it sound like she was an animal I hunted or something-"

"Never mind that," interrupted Tuffnut, "Has she shown you her boobs yet?"

"What?" repeated Hiccup.

"Yeah," said Snotlout with an eager look on his face. "Has she touched your spear?"

"Guysâ€¦"

"Has she let you into Valhalla?"

Hiccup sent a pleading look at Fishlegs all but begging him to do something but the larger boy shrugged. He had no idea how to stop Tuff and Snot once they got going. Hiccup was grasping at straws.

"Guys," he said holding up his hands to forestall any more awkward questions (Gods his face was seriously burning). "We're getting a little off topic here aren't we? You wanted to know how I bagged Astrid, right?"

The other boys nodded and even Fishlegs seemed to lean closer, eager to learn what they could do to get girlfriends themselves. Hiccup was about to speak when a cold voice from behind stopped him.

"How you _bagged_ me?!"

Hiccup gulped. He turned stood up and turned around. There she was, his girlfriend, the Valkyrie, Astrid Hofferson. And she was livid. Her face was set into a snarl that did nothing to diminish her beauty in Hiccup's eyes. Her own eyes were wide with fury and her face was red. None of this was the focus of any of the teenage boys. No, their focus was on the axe in her hand.

Hiccup did the smart thing. He ran.

* * *

><p>Hiccup had somehow managed to escape the hall and make it to Toothless before Astrid could catch him. As he took off he could hear her yelling at her own dragon, Stormfly, to follow them. And so Hiccup and Toothless came to be here, in a clearing that looked like a Timberjack had flown through it.<p>

Hiccup sighed. "Think I'll be able to explain once she calms down?" he asked Toothless. The dragon rumbled a response with an eye roll Hiccup took to mean: "_What makes you think she's going to calm down?"_ The boy had to admit Toothless had a point.

He was wondering what to do when a pair of talons gripped him around the shoulders and pulled him from the saddle. There was a pop and a sharp pain in what was left of his leg. Looking down he realised that his prosthetic was still lodged in the stirrup while Toothless was suddenly far below him.

"Whoa!" he shouted. Looking up he saw the underbelly of a blue Deadly Nadder. "Loki's beard! Astrid let me down!" he demanded, sounding much braver than he felt.

"You heard him Stormfly," he heard from above. "Drop him."

Hiccup barely had time to scream as he fell before the Nadder caught him again, this time by the remaining foot.

"Astrid please," he yelled. "I don't deserve this!"

"Yes, yes you do!" she called back. "I walked into the mead hall to find my supposedly sweet boyfriend bragging to his friends about how he bagged me. Like I'm some prize to be won! So yes, Hiccup, you deserve this."

"It wasn't like that," he protested. "So I used the wrong terminology. I wasn't trying to brag, I was trying to distract Tuff and Snot."

"Explain," commanded Astrid.

"Can you let me down first?" he pleaded. "The blood is rushing to my head and it's making me feel woozy."

Astrid relented and flew towards a nearby cliff. After Stormfly dropped him the girl leapt from the dragon's back, axe in hand.

"Get up," she ordered.

Hiccup, who was lying on his back, backpedalling away from the girl with his hands, smirked. "I can't. My leg's back with Toothless."

Astrid, who hadn't seen that yet, faltered. She remembered the last time she had seen that trouser leg just end, empty. It was as he lay unconscious, after the amputation, before Gobber had put on the new leg in his sleep. She shook the memory away.

"Alright, explain yourself."

"Tuffnut and Snotlout were asking questions about us. Very personal questions about things we haven't done and even if we did it wouldn't be any of their business so I tried to distract them with the original question which was 'how I bagged you'," Hiccup said all this as fast as he could. When Astrid didn't respond he continued: "Not that I see you as something to be bagged or anything, I- I mean you're my girlfriend not a deer!" When he saw her relax he breathed a deep sigh of relief. He was still alive. "Not that I did anything to win you anyway," he mumbled to himself.

"What was that?" asked Astrid.

"Well I mean, it's not like I was the one who bagged you anyway," he elaborated, scratching his neck. "You decided you liked me and you went for it. So really, you bagged me."

Astrid smiled a little before she settled herself down beside him. "I wouldn't say you did nothing," she said finally. "Remember that first flight with Toothless?"

"How could I forget?" he said, smiling at the memory.

"Well for the first time in years, I was terrified," she admitted. She would not admit that it was only the next day before she was terrified again. "The stunts that dragon pulled scared me senseless."

But you, you were being sarcastic, like it didn't scare you in the slightest."

"Well by then Toothless and I had had a few scary flight experiences already," he answered, trying to be humble.

"But that's my point," she continued, not looking at him. "You'd already done this really scary thing, that no other Viking had done before you, to the point where it was normal. That was a seriously brave thing to do."

Hiccup smiled at her praise, unable to stop the warm feeling that was building in his chest.

"And then, after that amazing flight," she went on with a wide smile, "you showed me that under all this" (Hiccup refrained from pointing out that she just gestured to all of him) "underneath the clumsiness and the weirdness and the things we didn't understand, was a Hiccup made of something stronger than steel."

Astrid seemed to run out of fire at this point, taking several deep breaths before she turned back to Hiccup. "So yeah, you kind of bagged me that night." She gave him a half-hearted scowl. "Though you shouldn't phrase it like that."

Hiccup smiled and didn't say anything. He leaned in close and kissed her gently, tasting her lips. Astrid lifted a hand to his cheek, kissing him back. The young couple savoured the moment, before a need to breath ended it.

Astrid stood up and extended a hand to Hiccup. "Come on, I'll get you back to Toothless."

"I hope he doesn't hold this against you," he said as she helped him hobble back to Stormfly.

"Ah, I'll be fine," she said, waving off his concern. "It's Tuffnut and Snotlout who need to be worried."

Hiccup couldn't agree more.

* * *

><p>A couple of days later Snotlout and Tuffnut were found tied together in the middle of the village, sporting black eyes and bruises and split lips. They never told anyone who did it.<p>

End
file.